

## You Make Me Sing

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/31337975) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/31337975>.

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Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Video Blogging RPF</a> , <a href="#">Minecraft (Video Game)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream/GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
Character:	<a href="#">Clay   Dream (Video Blogging RPF)</a> , <a href="#">GeorgeNotFound (Video Blogging RPF)</a>
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Language:	English
Series:	Part 7 of <a href="#">Dream Team Smut Fics</a>
Collections:	<a href="#">FAV BOOKS !!</a>
Stats:	Published: 2021-05-16 Words: 2619

## You Make Me Sing

by [SlutForS8n](#)

### Summary

“You like them?”

“I love them. You look really pretty,” Dream smiled, resting his elbow on his desk and placing his head in his palm, “Suit you.”

“Shut up, dumbass.”

OR

George wears those glasses and dream can't help but think about him wearing them in... other scenarios

### Notes

Beta read by the wonderful blackberry as per usual. Their [tiktok](#) and [Ao3](#)

Also, once again prefacing, I'm nblm. I'd prefer to not get death threats on this fic, thank you.

Love you all. Mwah <3

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Dream was almost certain that George knew how good he looked in those glasses.

The thin metal framed his face perfectly and made his soft eyes wide, his smile lines deep and clear. The sight made Dream's heart swell and his hands rise up to his face and do that stupid clenching thing that only George could ever make him do.

And that was how he'd felt all day, watching the stream George did with Wilbur as he kept those pretty glasses rested on his nose, strolling around Brighton in the pathetically miserable weather, the rain ironically depressing for just how much George seemed to be glowing.

Until precisely 11:38pm.

That was exactly the time that George sent Dream a Snapchat picture of him, sitting in his desk chair with those glasses resting on his face in low lighting with the caption, "*Wil let me keep them!*"

And the mix of George's messy hair, the slightly crooked way his glasses rested on his nose and the tip of his tongue resting on the bottom of his upper lip made his stomach twist in a way that he couldn't make seem innocent, even if he tried.

Dream sent him back a picture of himself, his hoodie strings pulled tight as he smiled wide and stuck his tongue out, "*they suit you,*" he wrote, "*you look pretty.*"

George didn't reply and Dream was worried that he'd said something wrong until he heard the easily recognisable ringing from his computer on the other side of the room.

He chuckled and pulled himself up, dragging himself over to his chair and answering the call with a smile as George's face popped up on his screen.

It wavered slightly as he saw the glasses in that very same spot on his face, his smile fixing back onto his lips when he remembered George could see it.

“Hi. You like them?” The brunette asked, pushing the glasses up his face with a small smile and Dream had to bite his lip as he took it all in. George was sitting in the giant black hoodie he gave him, cross legged in his chair with a duvet over his, presumably bare, legs, his hair messy and those goddamn glasses.

“I love them. You look really pretty,” Dream smiled, resting his elbow on his desk and placing his head in his palm, “Suit you.”

George flushed and rolled his eyes, “Shut up, dumbass.”

“Nah. Why are you so desperate to know if I like them, anyway?” Dream questioned teasingly, his voice lilting just slightly on the non platonic side of playful, “You're blushing! You look so pretty when you go all flush.”

“Just wanted to know. And I'm not blushing.”

“They go nice with your messy hair.”

The pair went quiet for a few moments, just staring at each other with a look that said *“I'm really fuckin close to being hard right now and you're just so unbelievably hot.”* George was ready to make an excuse to leave the call when Dream pushed past the strict line that he'd set himself and fell into telling George what was on his mind.

“George, you look really fucking hot,” he breathed as his eyes dragged slowly across his screen as he watched George's hands disappear into his hoodie, “In my hoodie and those fucking glasses.”

“Mmm,” George hummed quietly, “You think so, Dream?”

“Yeah. You look like you belong to me. In my clothes, in call with me, with my name dancing on your tongue,” Dream smirked as he learnt back in his chair and rested his hand on the back of the headrest, “You'd look so much better if you were covered in other things that are from me.”

“Like what?”

George's voice was rough, breathless almost, as he replied, he let his eyes fall almost completely shut and began chewing on his thumb.

"Like my hands, my hickeys, my mouth, my spit..." He trailed off before George opened his eyes and he saw the almost pleading look in the expanded pupils and brown irises, "My cum."

George fucking whined at that.

"Really? Like, seriously?" George asked, nervousness painted on his features in a way that made Dream's heart ache.

"Absolutely."

"We're doing this? Right now?" The older boy asked, eager eyes and a smile that lit up his face.

"God, I hope so, 'cause I'm hard as fuck," Dream breathed, moving a hand to palm himself through his sweats. He watched George uncross his legs and hitch up his hoodie, pushing the duvet off of his bottom half. The shorter boy moved to take off his glasses before Dream interrupted with a quick, "No!"

"No?"

"I wanna... I wanna see you fuck yourself in them."

George moaned as he palmed himself through his boxers, his bottom lip being pulled up between his teeth, "Yeah? Want me to fuck my hand? Or myself?"

Dream's eyes widened. Was George asking if he wanted to see him like...

"I'll take the silence as the second answer then."

George smirked, getting up quickly to move to his bedside table and pull out a bottle of lube and a medium sized dildo. It looked around 6 inches, and Dream bit back a laugh.

“I'm bigger than that,” he smirked, tugging down his sweats and leaving him in his navy blue boxers, “And could fuck you better.”

“Mmm. I'm sure. Maybe you'll have to show me how much bigger and better you are someday, huh?” George teased, pushing a hand up through his scruffy hair as he finally pulled off his boxers, watching Dream do the same and... *Yeah, Dream was absolutely bigger than his toy.*

Dream had *big* hands, and even they couldn't cover everything, stroking up and down as he watched George just stare, uncaring about the attention, as if now relishing in it.

“You gonna put on a show for me George, or what?” Dream smirked. George uncapped his lube and drizzled some onto his fingers before putting his feet against the edge of his desk and circling his hole. The blonde was staring freely, now, watching as the older boy pushed in a finger and his face went slack. It was unconventionally silent for a few moments before George let out a quiet moan.

Dream's hand was moving at a steady pace, drawing quiet breaths and small bitten back grunts from his throat. It was harder to stay at the slow pace when George pushed in a second finger and became careless about the noises he made and just how *loud* they were.

Dream was admiring the way the glasses became crooked on his nose as his sweat-damp hair stuck to his forehead. He looked ethereal and it was making Dream's hand speed up on its own.

“Fuck, add another Georgie. I don't know how long I'm gonna last,” Dream begged, his chest heaving as George let out a strained laugh.

“Yeah? You really gonna cum that quick?”

Dream nodded, “Yeah. You're pretty, George.”

The brunette flushed and did as he was asked, pressing in a third finger, a loud scream-esque moan clawed its way up his throat as he did so. It made Dream's hips thrust up violently and George whimpered at the sight.

It was *hot* , and so *much* .

George felt dirty. He was being watched while he did something that nobody else was supposed to see. Obviously he'd had sex before, he was a 24 year old man for god sakes, but for some reason this felt different. He was touching himself while someone watched and it felt... Private, like Dream was watching him do something bad, and he felt sexy.

The burning gaze in the blonde's eyes only made him feel more desired and as he pulled out his fingers and began to lube up his toy, Dream's eyes widened. He pushed the head against his entrance and sighed.

"You wanna see me, huh?" George murmured, the teasing lilt weak but still there despite the breathlessness of his words, "Wanna watch me cum?"

The nodding was erratic and it made George let out a breathy laugh. "You wanna see it so bad?" the brunette smirked, "Fucking beg."

Dream was taken aback.

Here was George, wearing an oversized hoodie - correction, *his* oversized hoodie - with his ruffled hair and the thin circular glasses frames resting on his nose and he just looked so unbelievably *soft* .

But this 'soft' boy was sitting here asking Dream to *beg* for him, and he would be lying if he said he didn't find it unfathomably hot.

"God, please."

"Oh, come on Dreamie. You can do better than that."

"*Fuck* ," He breathed as he made his hand slow to a calmer pace. He was getting himself far too worked up and he didn't want to cum that quickly. That would just be fucking embarrassing, "Georgie please. Wanna watch you. So fucking pretty and i just need it so bad."

“We’re getting there. I think you could make it better, though.”

Dream was whining now and his mind was going hazy. He would do anything to please George right now and that included begging like a fucking whore.

“George, fuck please. I’ll do anything. Wanna watch you cum, see you feel good and make those noises. Want you to fuck yourself in your glasses,” He pleaded, his eyes glassy, his stomach tense and the head of his cock a deep scarlett colour.

“You’ll do anything, huh?” George questioned, the head of his toy still pressed firmly against his hole but unmoving.

”God, yes, anything.”

“Call yourself my slut.”

It wasn't a request, it was a fucking demand and Dream was in absolutely no position to deny George's demands because, god, the idea of being George's slut made the younger boy want to fucking scream.

“M your slut, Georgie. Only yours. *Please* .”

It was breathless and it was strung together with far too many whimpers for George to even consider asking him to beg again. He finally, *finally* , pushed the toy in and it was like it snapped a chord in the brunette because suddenly his words became more frequent and somehow made Dream *more* desperate.

“You're so good, Dream. Beg so pretty,” He groaned as his head fell backwards before pulling it back into an upright position to see what Dream was doing, not wanting to miss a single second, “My good little slut.”

The name made Dream's eyes shoot open and his back arch suddenly before his hand flew away from his cock almost immediately.

“Are you okay?” George asked as his hand stopped as well, not pulling his toy out but giving Dream his full attention, “Was that too far? God, I’m sorry Dream, I thought you’d like it bec-”

“No, god no, I fucking loved it. I just...” His face flushed as he looked down at his hands, “Was gonna cum and didn’t want it to stop. Wanted to wait till you were ready.”

George moaned and picked back up his pace, watching Dream do the same, “Fuck, baby, that’s so hot. You like being called my pretty slut? Such a good boy for me.”

Dream nodded and moaned again.

George’s entire body was jolting every time he thrust into himself, his eyes rolling back behind the glasses that were now crooked on his face, sitting haphazardly on the bridge of his nose as his hair fell in front of them. He looked so fucking good and Dream couldn’t breathe. The brunette seemed almost angelic in those glasses, and Dream would never be able to see them without imagining himself fucking George, filling him up until he was sobbing and calling the blonde a *‘pretty little slut’*.

“When - fuck- when you get here I want to fuck you in those glasses, “ Dream babbled as he voiced his thoughts, filter pretty much nonexistent at this point, “Wanna watch you cum on my dick while you call me names with those stupid frames, fuck, balancing on your head.”

George nodded and moaned, “Yes, fuck yes. You gonna fill me up? Make me cum like the pretty toy you are?”

Dream nodded and his stomach drew tight, “Wanna cum, please.”

George nodded and began fucking himself faster, “Yeah, fuck, ‘m close too.”

Dream’s hips jolted up in his gaming chair as the sweat on his back stuck uncomfortably to the seat but he was too gone to even care, his eyes rolled back as he fucking drooled with George’s name on his tongue.

With little to no warning, he came, shooting ropes onto his stomach with a noise that George didn’t



think he'd ever forget, stroking himself through his orgasm as George felt himself tip over the edge too.

He hit against his prostate one more time before he was cumming untouched, tears falling from his eyes as he babbled about how fucking good he felt and how amazing Dream was before he slumped back in his chair with a whine.

"Holy shit," Dream breathed, "You're so fucking hot, Jesus Christ."

George laughed breathily before he reached into his desk drawer with a groan and pulled out a packet of baby wipes, Dream grabbing the tissues placed next to his monitor with a huff.

George straightened his glasses and they cleaned themselves off in silence before Dream muttered George's name.

"Hmm?" The brunette replied, wiping down his toy as he looked up at where Dream was situated on his screen.

"Are we... good? Like, do you want this to be a thing?"

"Us to be a thing or the phone sex to be a thing?"

"Us?" The blonde asked hopefully, his eyes soft as George smiled.

"Yeah, I'd like that," The shorter boy chuckled as Dream let out a sigh of relief.

"Thank fucking god."

They fell back into silence before Dream yawned.

"Go drink some water, and get ready for bed," George demanded, once again in that tone that Dream just couldn't disobey.

“Why?”

“Because you just came and you need fluids... and also because we’re both exhausted.”

“Well, it’s your fault I came,” Dream smirked which turned into a laugh when George rolled his eyes.

“Fine, you can spaff alone next time.”

“Spaff?”

“Yeah. It’s like british slang for like... cum.”

“That’s... fucking gross.”

“Your country decided that putting biscuits in gravy was a good idea so you have no right to debate on what is gross or not.”

Dream wheezed loudly and George smiled. God, he loved that fucking sound.

“Anyway, I was serious about getting water and ready for bed. You can call me back on your phone when you're home so we can sleep-call together, but we both need to rest.”

Dream agreed and eventually hung up, strolling down to his kitchen and getting a glass of water on his shaky, post-orgasm legs.

This was gonna be good. George wanted them to be a thing, whatever that means, and that was enough to make Dream’s heart race.

His mind was still hazy but it was clear enough to know that he wanted this, that he was ready for this, and, as he called George back on his phone and the brunette answered by singing a stupidly bad rendition of Heat Waves by Glass Animals in a terrible attempt at an american accent, it was

only solidified.

George looked at him like he hung the stars in the sky and single handedly pulled the sun up every day and that was all Dream needed to know that George needed him as much as he needed the brunette. George was a good man and as he listened to the shorter boy's quiet snores coming through his phone he felt himself tearing up.

This was it.

George was it.

## End Notes

Gimme your kudos and a comment and I will kiss you on the forehead

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